I Need Daddy by brokenpromisesandhope

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Jonathan thought he knew what Steve needed.

I Need Daddy

Author's Note:

> For my Jay Bay cause like.. why wouldn't it be at this point???
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It’s not hard for Jonathan to figure out what Steve wants. They’ve been together forever. Steve’s not done the dishes again, and he’s been more on edge than normal, so Jonathan calls him into the kitchen.

“Steve?”

He all but stomps into the kitchen like a little kid.

“What?” He snaps.

“It’s your turn to do the dishes.”

“I have a few more important things to do than the damn dishes Jonathan.”

Jonathan raises an eyebrow,

“Are you going to do them?”

Steve rolls his eyes,

“No.”

“What do you think I should do about that?” Jonathan asks boldly.

“I dunno, fuck off?”

Jonathan steps closer to him,

“I was thinking maybe a spanking. You seem like you need to be put in line.”

Steve scoffs,

“By who? You?”

“By daddy,” he says crowding Steve against the wall.

Steve’s eyes widen and then he looks down, cheeks flushing.

“It’s okay,” says Jonathan softly.

Steve stays looking down.

“What do you say if you want to stop?”

“Red.”

“What’s your color?” He asks next.

“Green.” Steve mumbles.

“What was that?” Jonathan asks, he wants to be sure.

Steve clears his throat,

“Green.”

“Come on. Over my lap.”

They walk to the living room and Jonathan sits on the couch, legs spread wide. Steve hesitates before laying down on Jonathan’s lap. Jonathan starts out by rubbing his back,

“You’re such a brat, god. I think you like it, frustrating me. Think I’m gonna throw you up against the wall and fuck you? Lay you over my lap and spank you? You just want daddy to punish you right?”

His hand is rubbing over Steve’s ass. He’s waiting to pull his pants down. Prolong the punishment. He continues his slew of dirty talk and Steve stiffens as he slips his long fingers into his pants, skating over the dimples in his spine. He assumes it’s in anticipation of the punishment until Steve very quietly says,

“Jon,”

Jonathan helps him sit up. Steve's face is red but he looks sad, not turned on. Jonathan immediately pushes his hair out of his face,

"What's wrong baby?" He asks softly.

Steve swallows hard, eyes flickering everywhere but Jonathan's own,

"I wanna be good."

Jonathan stares, nodding.

"I wanna be good for Daddy," Steve says, fists balled up.

He's embarrassed. Jonathan can tell. He wraps his hands around one of Steve's fists and slowly pulls it apart. He kisses each finger and Steve's palm and then does the other one.

"You can be my good boy baby. You're so good, Stevie. I know you are."

Steve blushes and keeps looking down. Jonathan slides one finger under his chin to make him look up for a moment,

"Can you look at me baby?"

Steve's brown eyes are wide, like Jonathan's gonna laugh in his face.

"Can you give daddy a kiss?" He asks softly.

Steve hesitates, before leaning in to give him a soft kiss. He doesn't open his mouth, instead, pulling back quickly, and Jonathan bites his lip. Hesitates. Maybe it's too much too soon.

"Can daddy take your shirt off?"

Steve nods slowly and Jonathan pulls his T-shirt over him. Steve's chest is amazing, all his sports training high school had definitely paid off and he went to the gym a few times a week. Instead of going for his abs like he usually does, he traces Steve's collarbone. Steve shivers and Jonathan traces over the planes of Steve's body.

"My beautiful boy. You know that right? You're, so beautiful it's

unfair," Jonathan whispers, "your hair," he runs his hand through it, "your eyes," he touches Steve's closer eyelids, "your moles, your collarbone, your nipples. Your biceps."

He lets his hands trace over Steve's body lightly until he's trembling.

"Are you doing okay?"

Steve nods, biting his lower lip.

"Just making sure. I wanna make my baby feel good. I always wanna make you feel good," he mumbles against Steve's neck. A bit more honestly, "I love you so much."

Steve squirms,

"I love you too daddy. I'm sorry I was mean," says Steve, voice a bit watery.

Jonathan rubs his back,

"Stevie baby, it's okay."

"No it's not," he cries into his neck, "I've been such a dick and you're so nice and I'm horrible, how do you put up with me, I don't, I don't," he's crying against Jonathan's neck, and he didn't even realize Steve was dropping.

He hugs him tighter, kisses his cheeks,

"Steve. Stop. I love you. I know how hard it is right now. Are you okay? What can I do baby? What can daddy do?"

Steve cries against his chest for awhile. Body shaking,

"Steve, my precious boy. It's okay. It's not your fault. You're okay baby. My strong boy. My brave boy. My little prince. You're so good for me baby. I love you so much. It's okay, you're okay baby," Jonathan murmurs.

Steve nods against his head, and the tears slow, and finally stop. Steve doesn't release his tight grip around Jonathan's waist. Jonathan

doesn't mind, and finally, Steve rasps out,

"Water."

Jonathan can carry Steve, not like well, but he can. Steve's shorter than him, and if he holds on tight, it's okay. He heads upstairs to their bedroom, depositing Steve on the bed. Steve reaches out to grab onto his arm and Jonathan squeezes back reassuringly.

They have water, Gatorade and granola bars in their nightstand for scenes, and he grabs a water, opening it and helping Steve drink some water.

"Do you wanna go to sleep?" He suggests, setting the water on the nightstand.

Steve nods, then tugs at Jonathan's shirt,

"Off? Please? Daddy?"

Jonathan shrugs his shirt off before Steve can even finish,

"Come here baby boy,"

Steve curls against his chest easy enough and Jonathan runs a hand through his hair and wraps his hand around Steve's hip. He's warm, as always, and Steve presses his cold nose into Jonathan's sternum.

"I really do love you," murmurs Jonathan.

Steve smiles in his half asleep state.

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When Jonathan wakes up, it's to Steve in his lap. He's down to just his boxers, and the head of his cock is sticking out.

"Daddy," he breathes.

"Yes baby?" Jonathan groans, hands sliding down his back, to rest on his ass.

"I, I want to make you feel good. I wanna be a good boy."

Jonathan nods,

“I know baby.”

“What,” Steve drags his erection across Jonathan’s stomach like he can’t help it, “do you want daddy?”

Jonathan stares, Steve’s hair is half against his head and there’s sheet prints on his face. Jonathan massages Steve’s back gently,

“How do you feel about riding me?” Jonathan asks.

Steve nods slowly, and Jonathan’s hands still,

“What’s your color?”

Steve squirms and Jonathan moves to sit up, and Steve chokes out,

“Yellow.”

“Okay. What’s wrong?”

“I, I want to ride you, but it probably won’t be good.”

Jonathan shakes his head and kisses Steve,

“Not at all. Anything my boy does is perfect. Right baby? My little prince is such a good boy, right?”

Steve nods, and Jonathan soothes his hands down his shoulders,

“Okay. Can I prep you?”

Steve nods and Jonathan twists and lifts Steve up as he lifts his hips so he can turn to the nightstand to grab lube.

He just makes Steve plant his foot on the bed and slicks up his fingers. He slides one inside of Steve easily. The other one he works in, slowly scissoring Steve, while telling him what a good boy he is. Finally Steve’s rocking back onto his fingers, just a bit,

“Daddy, um, can I, can we?”

Jonathan lets Steve fuck down onto his fingers, eyes closed,

“Can we what? Can you be a good boy and make a sentence, I know you can baby.”

Steve nods, chest heaving,

“Please fuck me daddy, please let me ride you. Please.”

Jonathan nods, sliding his fingers out slow slow. He pulls down his boxers and before he can do much maneuvering of his own, Steve’s sliding down on him. It’s overwhelming. Steve is always tight. Always feels good. Always loves it. Moans so loudly, makes the most beautiful faces.

“Shit, good boy. Good, good,” Jonathan stutters as Steve braces his hands on his chest and rocks slowly.

Everything is slow and overwhelming and hot. They’re both sweating and Steve barely moves, doesn’t wanna let Jonathan out of him, and Jonathan doesn’t wanna move. Wants to be as close as possible. Steve’s nails scratch at his chest and he whines. Jonathan thinks he’s going to cry again, but he doesn’t. Just keens, bites his lower lip hard. It’s so good. Jonathan can’t stop running his hands across sweaty skin,

“Good boy. My good boy. I love you so much, my precious boy.”

Steve comes easily, with a soft cry, over Jonathan’s stomach. He continues rocking slowly, until Jonathan wraps strong hands around his waist, and fucks up into him until he comes. He cries out Steve’s name, and when he comes down, Steve is smiling softly, and kisses his chest. Steve peppers kisses across his chest, until he comes down. He helps Steve off of him, and he immediately cuddles to his side, smearing the come even more,

“Well okay then,” says Jonathan, pulling Steve close.
Steve mumbles sorry into Jonathan’s shoulder.

“Don’t apologize my little prince.”

They cuddle for awhile longer and Jonathan’s pretty sure Steve is

nearly asleep until he feels wetness on his chest. He tightens his arms around Steve's back.

"Daddy's got you. It's gonna get better baby, it is."

Steve shakes his head,

"It doesn't seem like it."

"You gotta trust me," Jonathan kisses his head.

"I do," Steve whispers.